



Reluctant Press presents:

The Sensualists



Alice Greenely

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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THE SENSUALISTS

By Alice Greenely

CHAPTER 1

Vivian Worth Mellon, distraught about her stepson Timmy, phoned her close friend Helen Joyce. Vivian was a feminine woman with short brown hair and hazel eyes. She had a svelte figure that she liked to show off. She was in her late twenties or early thirties, her exact age a closely-held secret, and she was thankful for the shape of her body. She favored tight-fitting clothes in soft fabrics. She often wore a satin bullet bra or occasionally a half-cup bra to hold her well-formed, still firm breasts. A half-cup bra let her plump nipples poke out against the fabric of her dress or blouse, keeping

her in a state of constant sexual awareness. She was especially proud of those sensitive rosebuds. She liked to tease both men and the many women with such preferences by flaunting the sight of her rosettes poking out against her blouse or dress. She usually chose a silk or satin outfit that had a lot of fabric swishing around her long legs. Sometimes she wore a tight dress or skirt so she could feel the material caressing her nylon-clad legs as she walked and sat.

Today she was wearing a thin white silk blouse through which could be seen her pale yellow silk bra offering up, rather than covering, her pearls of joy. To accentuate her points she wore a heavy gold necklace that hung down between her breasts almost to her waist. The effect was to stretch the blouse even tighter, thus keeping her nipples aroused. Below, she had on a green skirt of soft satin cut well below the knee that swirled about her as she moved. Underneath, she wore high-cut green silk panties, a black garter belt and fine tight black stockings that hugged her legs. She had on black leather ankle boots with four-inch heels.

“Helen, darling” she said into the phone, “I’m so worried about our Timmy. I think he’s been in my closets when I’ve been out of the house, trying on my slips and negligees. It’s not like he’s a confused teenager who will outgrow such proclivities. He turned 19 over three months ago. I’ve not mentioned this yet to my husband Shelby, as I’d like to get your advice first on what I should do. I know from some of your own adventures in the past that you’ve had more experience in these matters, dealing with your own pretty boy charges.”

“Of course Vivian dear,” said Helen. “Why don’t you come over later this afternoon and we can discuss

what to do. I'm sure we can resolve any problem. It would be best that you not bring Timmy over at this time. How about 4 p.m.?"

"Lovely, Darling. I'll see you then."

Helen, just shy of thirty, was a well-developed woman of complex sexual appetites. During college she had decided she was lesbian and embarked on a few affairs with discreetly chosen partners, including Vivian Worth, when they were both seniors in the same sorority. It made their coupling easy as they could share a bedroom, and, if careful, an occasional shower. Helen actually trolled for sophomores or juniors because they were often more eager to experiment. She usually demanded a well-shaven pussy. She found it thrilling to be able to bite down softly and suck on the meat surrounding the clit. It was so sensitive and so much more accessible to her mouth and tongue. And the pussy juices seemed sweeter. After graduation she found that while making love to another woman satisfied her sexual hunger, there was some element missing. She just couldn't say at that time exactly what it was.

Helen and Vivian followed different paths upon graduation, although they stayed in close touch with one another.

Helen found success in selling lingerie and soon branched out on her own with a chain of stores in New York, Las Vegas and San Francisco called The Pink Roses. She brought a sense of style to her selections of merchandise. Helen saw lingerie as items of fashion as well as personal expression. Her selections went well beyond the skimpy coverings that masquerade as sexy allure. Her merchandise comprised flowing robes and

gowns of silk and satin. The panty choices showed a full range of offerings, from full-cut tap pants to thongs, all in sensuous materials. She stocked only the most alluring bras. She made sure that her sales ladies were all willing to service everyone, especially their transvestite clientele. Cross-dressers who were helped and well-treated were apt to become regular customers; and they certainly appreciated good quality (and were willing to pay for it).

The salesladies were well trained in correctly fitting brassieres and breast forms for all comers. They kept their hands soft, clean and well moistened by lotions in order to make handling their customers' breasts easy and enjoyable for both parties. They became skilled at putting clients at ease regardless of gender and sometimes were even allowed to take and receive sexual liberties. They took pride in their ability to give advice not only in appropriate color and style, but also in choosing the right set of underwear for see-through outerwear. When wearing see-through blouses, it is most important to choose the most appropriate brassiere for display of one's breasts.

Vivian went the corporate route, joining an international fashion house. She was a quick study and rose through the ranks on her innate intelligence and self-confidence. She learned the politics of fashion and the trends that presage the new looks demanded by each successive season. But she also quickly hit the glass ceiling and soon married one of the top designers of the firm, Shelby Mellon. Shelby's son, Timmy, was about 16 at the time, a shy and awkward boy. He was very good looking and had a slim build, tipping the scales at 150 lb. and under 5' 9" in height.

Timmy was very respectful of Vivian and seemed to look to her for advice and guidance. Over the next few years it became clear that he drew closer to Vivian than to his own father. Her non-judgmental acceptance of him and his contradictions made it easier for him to open up to her. They established a genuine bond based on mutual trust. He always came to her for advice and guidance on matters important to him. He would rather consult Vivian and his school guidance counselors about his options for college and possible future career path. His father seemed uninterested or perhaps he didn't really care.

As he grew older, he became confused about his sexuality. He had always been shy around girls, although there was no doubt he was attracted to them. But he also experienced vague yearnings for well-built young men. By the time he was 18, Timmy developed a curiosity about women's clothing, especially silk gowns and underwear. He would sneak into Vivian's closet and feel the silk dresses hanging there. He would fondle her slips and nightgowns. It wasn't long before he had to try some of them on. These little adventures gave him addictive thrills that he knew would eventually possess him. He began to fantasize about Vivian when he secretly donned her sexy silk panties and slips. It was so frustrating not to be able to live out his dreams. How could he ever tell her about his deepest feelings? It was all so difficult and confusing. He couldn't wait till he was out on his own, independent and free to experiment.

Vivian, right on time for her appointment, was let into Helen's house by the maid, Lilly.

“I’m Vivian Mellon and I have an appointment with Ms Joyce this afternoon” she said and smiled in a reassuring way to put Lilly at ease.

“Yes, of course, Madame”, said Lilly. “Ms Helen is expecting you. Will you come this way, please?”

Lilly was a young woman who had been taken in by Helen in her late teens, a period of sexual coming out, as it were, for most boys and some women. Although fully developed physically, she was still shy, naïve and uncertain of her own appetites. Over the next few years, Lilly began to show an interest in other women. Helen was the perfect person to introduce her to all the delights of lesbian sex. Lilly was eager to learn and became a proficient and greedy pussy kisser, licker and sucker. She became expert in her manipulation of the dildo. Lilly found refuge, comfort and blissful sex in her service with Helen. Soon she became more of a companion than maid, although she continued to accept her subordinate status.

This was all perfectly acceptable, for everyone in Helen’s circle was quite liberal about sex and believed in the universal right to explore one’s own sensual proclivities freely.

Vivian looked Lilly over and liked what she saw. Although petite, there was no mistaking the insistent thrust of Lilly’s small, firm breasts sheathed in a silk bra that displayed rather than hid her impudent nipples. She was wearing a black satin dress with a white top and flaring skirt. It had wide collars and buttons running down the front. Around her waist, tied in a big bow in back and around the back of her neck, she had on a white satin apron – more of a bib, actually. Underneath she wore a white satin garter belt, shimmering

white stockings and white, high cut silk panties. On her head she wore the usual maid's bonnet, also in satin.

For her own part, Lilly was mesmerized by Vivian and had trouble looking away from those arrogant tits that seemed to call out for everyone's immediate attention. Vivian noticed her enchantment and felt the tingling begin in her pussy. Lilly blushed and froze.

"Darling! You look absolutely marvelous today!" Helen exclaimed when Lilly showed Vivian into the study. "Lilly, why don't you bring us some tea?" She embraced Vivian and gave her a long kiss.

"Yes Ma'am," said Lilly and she left for the kitchen.

After an exchange of the latest gossip and the usual chit chat, Helen got to the point. "It's not so unusual for young men to develop a fancy for women's underwear. The attractions of silk and satin on one's body are powerful stimulants, even for women, as you well know. But what leads you to suspect Timmy's getting interested in your panties and things?"

"Aside from the slight disorder in my underwear drawers from someone rummaging through my collection of sexy frills," Vivian said, "I've noticed traces of cum stains on some items. I'm just not sure whether I ought to speak to him about this or let him develop his curiosity on his own. I mean, it's not that he's just some sort of errant teenager. After all, he turned 19 over three months ago. I'll not mention anything to his father, Shelby, until you've had a chance to evaluate him. As I respect your opinions, I thought it best to ask for your advice first."

"Certainly, Darling", said Helen. "I've known Timmy ever since you married Shelby. He's a fine young man. If these proclivities are deeply nested in

his psyche, I'm sure we can find out. Either way, we should allow him the freedom to express his natural tendencies. We'll find out the true nature of his sexual needs."

By now Helen was actually salivating at the thought of yet another subject ready for an introduction to femininity under her guidance. "I suggest you send him over for a week or so for a thorough evaluation. It shouldn't take longer than that."

"I don't think it will take even that long", said Vivian. "He's been showing more feminine characteristics lately, like letting his hair and finger nails grow longer."

CHAPTER 2

Indeed, Helen had a talent for drawing out and developing the feminine side of men, both young and old. Training men in the art of femininity had come to fill the void in her own sexual expression. She loved shaping a compliant male into female ways, dressing him in silk panties, bras and dresses, and teaching the basics of makeup that helped suppress his masculinity and let his femininity flower. The more submissive her pupil became, the more she enjoyed manipulating him to her will. She liked to play with his cock in his panties until he spurted his cum on her command. One of her recent charges, Bobby Heath, a most willing subject, had loved her ministrations. He had come from a home for disadvantaged boys. Once he turned 19, he could no longer stay at the home he had outgrown. The headmistress, Ashley Wharton, suspected Bobby had gender issues. She had introduced him to submissive sex and taught him how to accept a dildo. She knew he would be right at home with Helen and indeed, she was right. Bobby was glad to be in comfortable sur-

roundings at Helen's; it didn't take long at all for him to feel safe in exploring his secret desires. Helen's subtle suggestions and gentle persuasion had encouraged his explorations. Lilly's calm acceptance of, and help in every step along his journey to femininity, had made it all seem so natural. One day a few weeks after he had arrived from the boys' home, Helen walked into his bedroom early in the morning and roused him from sleep. Lilly was close at hand as always.

"Today's the day", Helen had said. Bobby was a little slow to wake up.

"What's up for today Aunt Helen?" He asked sleepily.

"Time to begin your long journey into lovely femininity, Bobby, although I have a feeling it won't take too long in your case." Bobby was wearing a full silky nylon nightgown that had cum stains on it.

"Goodness," Helen said, "but haven't we had a bit of fun? Now slip off that nightie, Dear, and put it in the laundry."

Bobby did as he was told and Helen took him by the hand to the bathroom. After Lilly had washed him and made sure he was completely free of body hair, Helen had her lead him back into the boudoir. It was done in a pink motif with lots of feminine ruffles on the seats and silk-covered cushions. The large bed was covered in silk sheets with silk pillow covers. The chaise lounge had a taffeta covering and the cushions were done in satin. He had to stand there, keeping his hands at his side, while he was closely inspected by these two thrilling women. His cock couldn't help but react and begin to throb with life. Helen enjoyed running her hands up and down his body, cupping his ass and ca-

ressing his nipples. "I just love the smoothness of your body, Dear."

She then squeezed a little pre-cum from his cock. She clasped a garter belt to his waist and had him sit on a chair so Lilly could roll his stockings onto his feet. Standing him up, Lilly rolled them up his legs one at a time. He loved the grasping, clinging, feeling of the stockings as they possessed his legs. His breathing began to come in short bursts as blood flowed through his body and engorged his penis. Lilly, still kneeling in front of him, let her hands brush against his stiffening cock as she attached the garters to the stockings, first in front, then in back.

Helen had reached out to hold his cock lightly, sending him into an agony of need. "This simply won't do if we are to put panties on him", she said, squeezing a more generous portion of pre-cum from the purple head. Lilly was quick to remedy the problem. She led him to the chaise lounge, where she coaxed him to lay back. She put a satin-covered cushion under his ass. This made his hard cock point straight up at the ceiling. Lilly knelt before him, kissed and caressed his legs, spreading them wide with her hands. She kissed his cock head, licked the underside of his hard penis, then took it deep into her mouth and started sucking slowly. He was helpless then. Lilly was in command as she took that hot hard-on deeper and deeper into her throat. She ran her tongue around his cock, marveling at how this piece of meat could be both so hot and oh, so hard, yet soft and silky at the same time. Bobby reached his peak with a long gasp and cum gushed from his cock in spurt after spurt. Lilly took all of it down her throat and ended up licking him clean.

“Well done!” Helen said. And she kissed Lilly fully on the mouth, running her tongue all over her oral recesses, sweeping up the remaining dew drops. Helen hadn’t wanted to suck cock herself, but was curious to know more about what it was that she was able to induce from her subjects.

“And now for the rest of it,” she said. She had Bobby stand in front of her, and sitting down, had held a pair of pale pink panties in polyester charmeuse for him to step into. Drawing them up his legs caused his penis to stir again as the panties caressed his stocking-clad legs before capturing his cock and balls. He was acutely aware of her face right in front of his rising member.

“Oh, Ms Helen!” he groaned. Helen had taken time pulling the panties all the way up and smoothing them out for a perfect fit. She then reached around with her left hand to hold his ass cheek. Her fingers slipped into his crack and stroked his male pussy through his panties. Her right hand wandered over the front of the panties, smoothing them over his growing cock and making unnecessary adjustments at the hems. She passed her hand over his stiff hard-on and squeezed and caressed him through his panties until he had come again. She loved the scent of cum and its wet stickiness. Some of it was on her fingers and she licked at them lightly. She was not enamored of the taste. But she saw that he was now her subject, a willing, compliant extension of her own sexual explorations. This gave her a deep-seated sexual satisfaction.

“Bobby Dear, you are such a sweet girl,” she said. “I think my good friend, Debra Hall, would be the perfect mistress for you. She is a warm and loving person and is an expert in developing young men such as yourself

into delectable womanhood. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Uh, I guess yeah, thank you, Aunt Helen," he said quietly, afraid to contradict his mentor. He was still uncertain as to his sexual status.

Bobby was taken by Debra. He eagerly anticipated new adventures in dressing up in panties and bras, silks, satins and lace. In no time, Helen changed Bobby into Bobbie. She brought out his femininity and had given him and taken for herself much pleasure in the task. Now Debra Hall would complete his introduction to femininity. Dr. Gordon would be engaged, no doubt, to develop Bobbie's body to show more female attributes. Whether she would hold up at mere breast development and ass enhancement, or go all the way to physical transformation and a complete sex change, would be left for Debra to decide at a later date. Much would depend on Debra's change in appetites: whether she wanted to construct a living lesbian or whether she was sated by a male woman. There were distinct advantages to both. Time would tell. There was no hurry. Either way, Bobbie would live as a woman.

This was what had been missing from Helen's sexual expression since college. Transforming young men into cross dressers and watching them become obsessed with bras, panties and silk dresses gave Helen a sense of empowerment and fulfillment. She derived a deep satisfaction in exercising sexual authority over her subjects.

CHAPTER 3

And now a new "recruit" would be delivered to her by one of her own paramours, Vivian Mellon, if she played her cards right. At 19, Timmy was prime mate-

rial, given his evident cross dressing tendencies. She tingled with anticipation.

Lilly appeared with the teacart. She served Vivian with a cup of tea and as she bent down to place it next to her, Vivian put her hand on her leg just above the knee. "You're very pretty, my dear. And you're wearing such silky stockings," she said.

Lilly blushed but stood still, secretly hoping for more. "Thank you, Madame", she said. Helen sat and watched quietly, enjoying the show.

"Come now, my Dear, show me your panties". Lilly straightened up and drew the hem of her silk dress higher until the white silk V of her panties was revealed. Vivian's hands went around Lilly's ass to feel her cheeks through the silk. "Turn around Dear," she said.

With one hand on Lilly's hip, the other inserted itself between her thighs and turned so she could cup the girl's damp pussy.

"How lovely!" said Vivian. "It's so nice to feel a soft and shaven pussy. And your panties are so wet!" She withdrew her hand and put one finger, then the other in her mouth to lick up the pussy juices. Helen was watching all this and getting a wet crotch herself.

"Now give me a kiss," said Vivian. Lilly leaned down to kiss Vivian, but she said, "Good heavens, Dear, not there". She threw a cushion on the floor between her legs and looked at Lilly expectantly. She did not need to tell Lilly what to do next. Lilly knelt on the cushion and started pushing Vivian's legs apart while easing her dress up her legs, kissing her stockings. She worked her way up until she came to bare thigh and started kissing and nibbling at the firm sensitive flesh

on the inside of her thighs. Helen had taught her that this was an erogenous zone of the body.

“Would Madame prefer removing her panties or not?” Lilly asked.

Vivian was beginning to breathe heavily. “Just keep going, Dear.” Lilly opened her mouth and began sucking on Vivian’s soft, hot pussy through her silk panties. She found her clit and worried it with her tongue, timing her strokes to Vivian’s gasps of delight.

By now Helen’s hand had raised the hem of her skirt and slipped it inside her panties to give her own clit welcome relief.

Vivian gave a long sigh of satisfaction. “How shall we reward Lilly for such remarkable attention?”

Helen stood and said, “There are several ways. For now, Lilly, come and stand before me”.

Lilly went over to Helen and Vivian came up close behind Lilly so her luscious tits poked into Lilly’s back. She put her arms around her waist so she could fondle her breasts and tweak her nipples through her bra. Helen loosened the sash and unbuttoned her dress to ease it off her shoulders. It fell in a silken puddle at her feet.

“Let’s get rid of this, shall we?” And she deftly unhooked Lilly’s bra. Vivian was quick to slide her hands over the naked flesh and tease Lilly’s nipples. Helen knelt and pulled Lilly’s panties down. All three of them collapsed on the couch where Helen took up the position between Lilly’s legs. Helen was pleased that Lilly had indeed shaven her pussy clean that morning. It positively glistened with her juices. But as Helen leaned forward to suck it dry, Vivian inserted herself.

"You can have this anytime," she said. "It's my turn now." She started kissing, licking and sucking.

"Oh, Ms Mellon," Lilly breathed. "I just love that!" Helen crawled behind Vivian and started playing with her breasts. She unbuttoned her blouse, passed her hand inside and stroked her tits through the bra. Vivian, still sucking Lilly's naked cunt, shucked off the blouse. Helen undid Vivian's satin bra so her fingers had free access to those gorgeous nipples. She took full advantage. Her hands rolled and pulled those plump tits and made them rise and stiffen.

Lilly came with a soft scream and her whole body went limp on the couch. Vivian and Helen rolled onto the floor, stripping each other of skirt and panties. Helen's mouth fastened onto Vivian's left tit, then her right. Helen then kissed Vivian deeply, her tongue in a duel with Vivian's. Helen maneuvered her into the scissors position. Bare pussy met bare cunt in a passionate embrace and they both came at the same time.

Vivian was the first to recover. "If you can do anything like this for young Timmy, it will be well worth it".

Lilly giggled and with a twinkle in her eye said, "Will the Madames be needing anything further from me this evening?"

"Thank you, Lilly. I think that's quite enough for now," said Helen.

Picking up her and Helen's discarded clothing, Lilly said, "Yes Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am".

Vivian massaged her sore nipples and put her bra and blouse back on. Helen found a pale blue cashmere sweater in a closet and put that on over her bra.

“I think I’ll leave the necklace off”, Vivian said. “My tits have had enough of a workout for today.”

“I need a drink,” Helen said. “Want one?”

“Love it,” said Vivian. “Scotch and soda for me, please, Darling. So when do you want to take in Timmy? Will next week do?”

“Fine. That will give me time to get some things for him to wear when he gets here. Perhaps you would be good enough to give me his measurements.”

CHAPTER 4

At the appointed time in the next week, Timmy appeared at Helen’s door. He was a fair-haired man, with a reserve that betrayed his shyness. Although well-proportioned, he was a bit gangly and didn’t seem to know what to do with his hands. He was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, white socks and sneakers. He had a small suitcase at his side.

He stared open-mouthed at Lilly in her mid-length, tight silk maid’s dress. It had a wide white satin sash fastened around her waist, with a narrow strip of satin falling from the waist to the hem. Her long legs were encased in white shimmering nylon stockings. You could hear the swish in her step whenever she moved. Her tight bodice left no doubt as to what treasures lay within.

“Yes Sir, what may I do for you?” she asked. Poor Timmy: his brain was overloaded by the vision of sexual perfection standing in front of him.

He stammered, blushed and said, “I’m, uh, Timmy Mellon. My step-mother, uh, sent me over to see Ms. Joyce.”

Lilly thought this was going to be an easy one! What fun! So she stepped aside like the spider inviting the fly and said, "Please come in, sir. You are expected." She led him across the hall to the study on the left that was decorated appropriately for that function: a dark wood desk, a straight-backed armchair, a leather couch and a couple of reclining leather armchairs. There were bookshelves built into each wall on either side of the fireplace, filled with books of one sort or another. Timmy enjoyed reading and looked forward to exploring the contents.

"I shall let Ms Helen know you are here".

"Thank you," he said and started wandering around the room examining some of the titles. Many of them seemed to be erotic in nature.

At the sound of the door opening, he turned. Helen came in, dressed in a light green silk blouse and a long thin, white leather suede skirt. The skirt was cut full so it could wash over her nylon-covered legs. She wore no slip. Beneath the blouse could be seen the outline of her white satin open cup bra which held her nipples erect and almost in view. The effect was to stimulate curiosity and speculation rather than to display an offering. To complete the ensemble, her garter belt and panties were in red satin.

"Timmy, my Dear! So nice to see you again! It's been ages!" And she swept him up into her arms in a close hug. He felt her tits pressing through his T-shirt and blushed as his cock stirred. Helen was pleased at her effect on him.

"H-hello, Ms Joyce," he stammered and blushed.

"But you must call me Aunt Helen, my Dear. Come now, we have so much to catch up on. What are you up to these days?"

Timmy was put at ease by her welcome and began recounting his past activities. Helen paid close attention and urged him on. He told her of his interest in the performing arts during his senior high school year. He said he wanted to pursue that as a vocation if possible. She told him she might be of some help since she had a friend involved in drama productions. "You're a nice looking lad, Timmy," she said. "I know Jack Harris, who has produced a number TV shows. I'm sure there might be a spot where you could fit in." Her enthusiasm was infectious. Timmy heartened at the prospect.

"I've, uh, decided to, uh, postpone college for a year to see if it is really for me."

"Good idea! I think it is wise to pause in life's progress to test alternatives, explore new avenues and reflect on one's own true nature." Timmy was now completely re-assured and composed. It was such a relief to have a decision he had made accepted without question. He was glad he was going to be here for a while.

"But for now, let us show you to your room." Helen rang for Lilly who soon appeared.

CHAPTER 5

"Show Timmy to the East Wing, Lilly, please. The green room will do nicely." Lilly knew what that meant: that was the room where the process of feminization would begin.

"Please follow me, Sir," she said. First she led him on a tour of the first floor. Leaving the study, they crossed the hall and entered a large well-furnished

room with fireplaces at both ends. Timmy noted that the furniture tended to be over-sized and upholstered in soft fabrics. There was a lot of silk and taffeta. Extra cushions were done also in silk, but there were some in satin as well. The sofas were long and curved; the arm-chairs were wide, deep and covered in suede leather. "This is the sitting room," Lilly told him. Next came the adjoining library. It too had a large fireplace, a soft deep rug before it and again the furniture was much like that of the previous room. The décor however was much more feminine. The couches were wide and deep, accommodating large soft cushions covered in satin and taffeta. The colors were a combination of pink and pale yellow.

After that there was the dining room. A large dark mahogany table was in the center, surrounded by six chairs. The chairs were made to recline back at several fixed positions and had shallow seats and wide comfortable arms. Then they went through a large pantry and saw the kitchen. Emerging from the kitchen, they crossed the hall and entered the library next to the study. It had shelves from floor to ceiling, sliding ladders for access to the higher shelves and a fireplace between two large windows. It was furnished much like the library and the sitting room, with large upholstered arm chairs and matching foot rests. Again, the décor was in feminine accents.

There was another door opposite to the one that gave access to the study. Timmy started forward toward the new door, but Lilly stopped him.

"We can't go in there just yet, Master Timmy, because you haven't been fully prepared".

"What is that room and when will I be allowed to see it?" Timmy asked.

“That is the Expression room, and we will introduce you to it when you are ready to express yourself openly and fully”.

“I hope that will be soon.”

“I’m sure it will be.”

CHAPTER 6

“It’s getting close to teatime,” said Lilly. “So let me take you upstairs and prepare your bath”.

“But I, uh, usually, uh, take showers.”

“Well, here it’ll be bathing the proper way as Ms Helen directs. Ah, here we are.”

Lilly opened the door to a luxurious suite known as the Green Room. It was done all in silk and satin fabrics. The large bed was low and had four pillows. There was a chaise lounge, a couch with a coffee table in front of it and two straight chairs with no arms. The seats were covered in pink satin. A vanity with swivel mirrors and a chair was placed between two large windows that let in plenty of sunlight. A full-length mirror was on the door. The basic décor was in light green but throughout the whole room there was a mixture of pink, yellow and pale blue accents

“This is very nice”, said Timmy. He wondered why it was called the green room but decided not to make an issue of it. He was a little surprised to note everything here was so feminine. Perhaps he had been taken to the wrong room. He would ask Lilly about it later.

“I’m glad you like it, Master Timmy. Now get undressed while I draw your bath. Then I will lay out your clothes for tea with Ms Helen. She has taken a lot of trouble to provide proper garments for you.”

“You mean you-you’re going to stay here while I get undressed?” stammered Timmy.

Lilly looked at him with a surprised expression on her face. “Yes, of course, how else will you be washed, toweled dry and powdered? Now come along. We don’t want to be late for tea”

“But Lilly,” Timmy protested, “It’s not right for me to have to undress in front of you like this”.

“Master Timmy,” said Lilly firmly, “you are a guest in Ms Helen’s home and you are to be properly prepared and dressed for her at all times. Now please take off your clothes.”

Without waiting for further protest, she went into the adjoining bathroom and started the water for his bath. The bathroom was done in floor-to-ceiling green and blue tile. Besides the bathtub, there was a bidet, another large vanity with armchair and, of course, a toilet.

Timmy was flustered and embarrassed as he slowly disrobed. Lilly came over to hasten his efforts. She knelt down, undid his belt and the top fastening of his jeans, and unzipped his fly. She pulled the jeans down with his jockey shorts. Her movements were swift, efficient, and devoid of sexual teasing. Lilly held one leg while she pried jeans, underpants, shoes and socks off in one deft movement, then did the same service to the other leg. Naked, blushing, and with a growing cock, Timmy stepped into the hot water. While he soaked, Lilly went back to the boudoir to lay out his clothes for tea and the coming evening.

First she got out a pair of white silk boxers. Next came a black silk shirt. It had a white stripe down the buttonholes with ruffling on both sides all the way down to the hem of the shirt. Then there was a silk cra-

vat. She laid out a pair of flared dark blue suede trousers made of lambskin, together with a brown suede jacket. But the sleeves only came down to his forearms and there was no way to close the jacket in front. It seemed to be more like a bolero. She finished the ensemble by adding a pair of black silk socks and black patent leather shoes with two-inch heels.

Lilly went back into the bathroom where Timmy was luxuriating in the bath salts and soap bubbles. His right hand was loosely stroking his hardening cock. He quickly raised his leg to try to hide his embarrassing hard-on. Lilly noted that with satisfaction although she showed no reaction. She took a sponge, poured some liquid into it and began washing Timmy's chest, shoulder and arms. "Stand up," she said.

"Bu-but Lilly!" he began in weak protest.

Lilly would have none of it. "Do as you're told, Master Timmy. This won't take long and we don't want to be late for tea."

As he stood, his tumescent penis came into view, covered with suds. Lilly was holding the shower head and began rinsing him off, paying attention to his ass and penis. The sting of the hot water jet on his anus and on his cock and balls made his cock even harder.

Although acutely ill at ease, Timmy stepped out of the bathtub as bidden. Lilly wrapped a large towel around him and vigorously dried him all over, especially his cock, balls, and anus. Then she got some lotion and applied it to the junctures of his legs and around to his asshole. One finger toyed lightly with that virgin hole. Lilly thought to herself that it wouldn't be virgin much longer. By now his cock was enraged and crying out for relief.

Lilly was on her knees, inches from his purple mast. "Dear me," she said. "We'll have to do something about this if we are going to be properly presented to Ms Helen for tea."

She took hold of his full erection and opened her mouth all the way, enveloping his hard cock down to the base. She sucked furiously on it. Timmy couldn't hold it in, didn't want to, and let the stream of cum flow with a loud sigh. It spurted hot and creamy as Lilly held on until he was spent, swallowing it all.

"Oh Lilly!" he exclaimed. "I'm in Heaven!" She smiled. There's more to come, she said to herself, smiling.

She wiped him clean and took him back into the boudoir and told him to dress in what she had chosen for him. Totally depleted by Lilly's ministrations, he put on each of the items she had chosen without comment.

"You look very nice, Master Timmy. Ms Helen has excellent taste." Timmy was in no shape or mood to voice an opinion one way or the other. "Let's go downstairs now to the study for tea with Ms Helen".

CHAPTER 7

Helen was waiting for them in the study. She had changed into a pale yellow silk blouse, which showed her matching yellow silk bra beneath. It hugged and thrust her lovely orbs up and out. The outline of her tits was clearly visible through the blouse. Below, she wore an ankle-long flowing skirt of light blue taffeta that rustled deliciously whenever she moved. Around her waist she wore a heavy gold chain that hung down all the way to her crotch. It was a constant delicious stimulant for her pussy. Again, she wore no slip, only

full-cut panties of soft blue nylon. They were tight and gave her a charge as she felt the lined skirt caress her legs and ass. She was bare-legged.

"Timmy Dear," she said and stepped forward to give him a close hug. She was pleased to feel the stirring in his pants, for this signaled the beginning of her control. "You look absolutely stunning!"

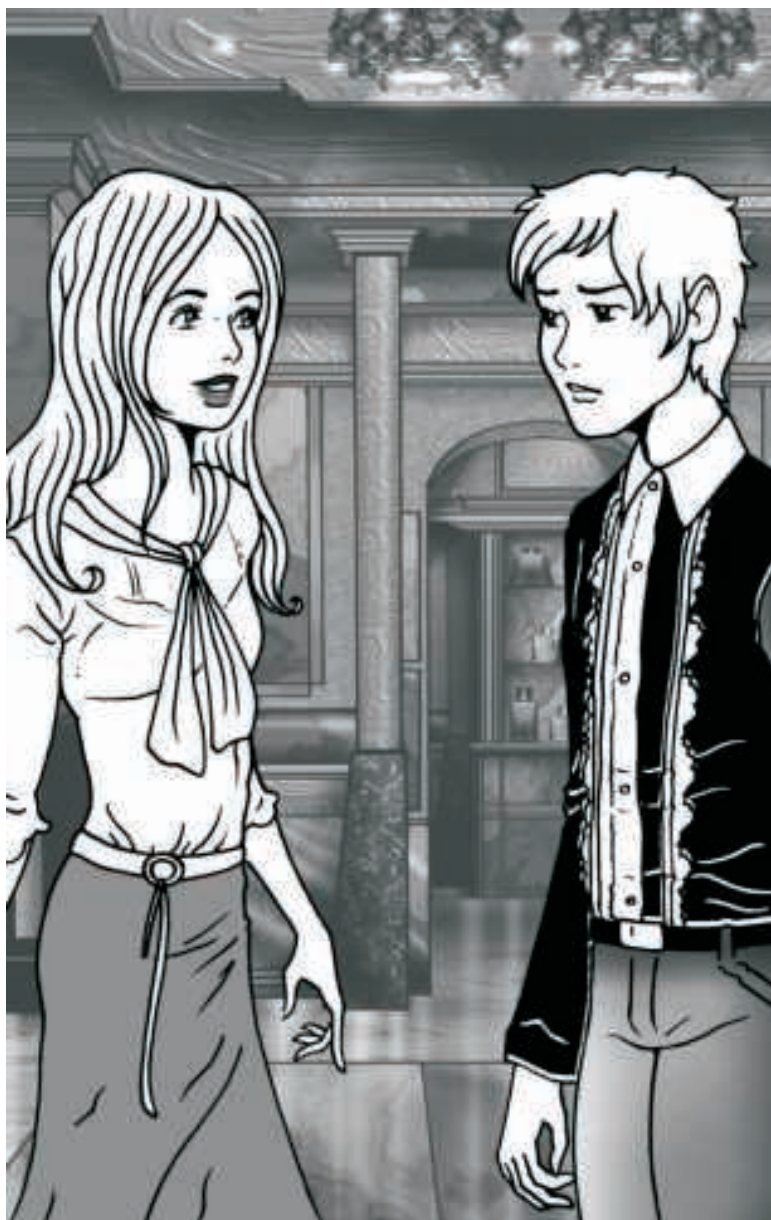
"Uh, thank you very much Aunt Helen. These clothes are very nice, but aren't they a bit, uh, girlish?"

"Silly boy! Darling, whatever they are, they are meant to express the inner you. The purpose of clothes is to please the wearer, to interest the observer, and to show the world a bit of who you are. We will continue to experiment until we find the right kind that fit you best."

"Yes, thank you, Aunt Helen." He didn't say that they were getting close to his secret desires. In fact, he wasn't really sure what he wanted. He only knew how he felt in these clothes. The blue suede pants were tight around his ass and thighs, then billowed out around his legs. They didn't have a fly, though. Instead there was a series of buttons up one side of the crotch, then across well below the waist and down the other side, forming a flap over the genital area. The tight boxer shorts felt so sexy. His thick penis loved its imprisonment in the soft material and rose to a noticeable bulge. The silk shirt with its cowl around the neck and the wide sleeves that seemed to engulf his hands was inexplicably arousing. All in all, he was willing to put himself in Aunt Helen's hands for she seemed to know more about him than he knew himself.

"Now let's have some tea." And she rang for Lilly who appeared with the teacart. She first served Helen, then turned toward Timmy with his cup. As she bent

forward she gave him an impish smile, which made him blush. Although Helen saw, she made no mention, nor gave any sign.



“Thank you, Lilly,” he said.

“You’re welcome, I’m sure, Master Timmy.” And she left the room.

“I think we must do something with your hair, Dear. After it grows out a bit more, we’ll be able to style it in different presentations. For now, a good brushing will do. Stand up, Dear, and let me get a better look at you.”

Timmy got up and was acutely aware of Helen’s penetrating gaze. She looked him up and down, satisfied that she was stirring sexual confusion in him and that he showed such submissiveness. He clasped his hands in front of his growing cock.

“Keep your hands at your sides, Dear. There’s no need to be shy and awkward with me. You must let me know what you really like and what you need.”

“Yes, Aunt Helen. Thank you”, he breathed. But he was still reluctant to confess that he had undefined secret longings. Besides, while he might have wanted to, he didn’t really know what they were or how to express them.

“You do like soft flowing fabrics, don’t you, Timmy? The time has come to let yourself go. Enter the world of silk and satin clothing. Yes Timmy, we’re talking about tight bodices and flowing dresses. You yearn to feel the soft caress of a full-cut dress around your torso and legs, don’t you?”

Yes, that was it, he thought. How did she know so much about him?

“Well, don’t you?” she persisted. It was not an unkind demand. Red-faced, he nodded.

“Yes,” he whispered. He couldn’t face her directly. But there was no denying it any longer, not even to himself. “I, uh, I sometimes sleep in my stepmother’s panties. I always take them from the bottom of her drawer so she won’t notice. Also, I, uh, have fantasies, sometimes I mean, like, maybe of wearing silk nightgowns and bras stuffed with silk scarves. I’m, uh, sorry Aunt Helen. I uh, won’t do it again,” he said forlornly and shame-faced.

“Darling Timmy, but of course you’ll do it again! Don’t you see it’s perfectly all right to love women’s sexy underwear and all the other pretty things they have? Your step-mother and I have developed a program for you to explore these wonderful delights available to you. Make the next ten days the super adventure of your life!”

Excitement and relief flooded through him. “Oh God, Aunt Helen, thank you so much! I, I love you!”

“And I love you too, Dear,” she said and gave him a kiss below his ear. She summoned Lilly, who soon came back in, “Come, sit beside me on the couch, Timmy Dear. We’ll relieve that pressure in your tight pants. Lilly, please let me have your panties and tend to all his buttons.”

Lilly stripped off her pink silk panties and handed them to Helen. She leaned over Timmy, undid the buttons of his kid leather trousers, and pulled the flap down. She reached into the silk boxers and released his aching hard-on. Helen took command at that point. She draped the luxurious silk panties over his cock and administered a series of deft squeezes and strokes. Timmy was lost in sexual ecstasy and abandoned himself to Helen’s hands and the silk panties. He held his

breath and let loose his semen in bursts into the panties. He almost passed out on the couch.

"There now," said Helen. "Isn't that better?"

"Oh, yes, so much better," he said weakly.

CHAPTER 8

The next morning Lilly woke Timmy early. "Time for your bath, Master Timmy. And then Ms Helen will help dress you and do your hair."

Timmy jumped up from the bed and stepped into the hot tub. It was foamy and smelled of something like roses.

"Stand up, Master Timmy. I have some lotion that will get rid of your body hair and leave your skin soft and tingly all over". He stood and of course, as she applied the lotion to his body, his erection began. By the time she was lathering his cock and balls, he had become rock hard, without embarrassment. "Tut, tut, Master Timmy," she said. "We'll have to see what Ms Helen wishes to do about this." She washed him thoroughly and led him over to the bidet. He sat astride it and Lilly turned on a warm stream of water. She put on a latex glove and soaped her middle finger. She began with a caress of his pussy hole, then slowly inserted her finger.

"Oh, L-Lilly," he cried. "W-what are you doing?" Cum was leaking from his rod by now.

"Hush now, Master Timmy. I'm making sure you're clean inside and out. Besides, doesn't it feel delicious?" She was pumping in and out - all the way in and then almost all the way out. Gradually, he came to like the strokes and wiggled his ass to their rhythm.

"Yes," he said. "It feels oh, so good."